

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Were it not pittie that this goodly boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long heereafter, say vnto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got,
My carelesse father fondly gaue away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad successe,
And happy euer was it for that sonne,
VWhose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then may the present profite counteruaile.
Ah cosin Yorke, would thy best friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Queene. My Lord, this harmfull pittie makes your followers faint.

You promised Knight-hood to your Princely sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and straight way dub him Knight,
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this lesson, Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
and in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

North. VVhy that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fifty thousand men,

of Yorke and Lancaster

Comes *Warwicke*, backing of the Duke of
And in the Townes whereas they passe also
Proclajmes him King, and many flyes to him
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would dep
The *Queene* hath best successe when you are

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs

King. VVhy that's my fortune, therefore

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight:

Pria. Good Father cheere these noble L
Vnsheath your sword, sweet Father cry S.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hen

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou yet
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes foot

Queen. Go rate thy Minions proud insul
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert

Before thy King, and lawfull Soueraigne?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bend
I was adopted heyre by his consent.

George. Since when, he hath broke his o
For as we heare, you that are King:

(Though he do weare the Crowne)
Haue cauld him by new acte of Parliament

To blot our brother out, and put his owne
Clif. And reason *George*:

Who should succede the father, but the sonne?
Rich. Are you there butcher?

Clif. I Crooke-backe, heere I stand to an
Or any of your fort.

Rich. T was you that kild yong *Rutland*
Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet no

Rich. For Gods-sake Lords giue signall
War. VVhat saist thou *Henry*? wilt thou

Queen. VVhat, long tongu'd *Warwicke*,
VVhen you and I met at Saint Albons last

Comes